

POETRY.

Life.

BY WILLIAM HARRIS, ESQ.

The spring-time of our youth,
The sports that never tired,
When hope and love, and truth,
Went hand in hand inspired—
Thus soon life's morning skips away,
The brightest sunshine of our day.

The summer of our days,
The harvest and its fruits—
Ambition's torch, whose blaze
Allures while it pollutes:
Oh! rather give me solitude
Than cities where the wicked brood.

The autumn of our years,
The sapless yellow leaf—
The father's thrives, the mother's tears,
The heart o'ercharged with grief,
These are the sorrows that we reap,
To hope by day, by night to weep.

The winter of our life
Brings an eternal home—
The cord, the bowl, the knife,
The shroud, the bier, the tomb.
Here end alike the pilgrimage
Of king and peasant, fool and sage.

POPULAR TALES.

Lucy Wendall.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

"I am going round by Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lives opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lives with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been out-bargained and outwitted, till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to—street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could make, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against intruding particles, that my friend Ed used to say it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust."

Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting in the stop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting Sunday to church, and she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang on the crabbéd bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her stream of life seemed to pass away so dreamily. My pity was misapprehended, and I felt it as do when I looked in her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your efforts of strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this obscure family what comes to all—death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On enquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

In a few short days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop: "John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might be sure such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is, an honest thriving glover, and that perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the tried old couplet,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The old man looks as if he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait of his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out. Now let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman that came to live with you a year ago last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

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There was an expression in Ross's face that I did not fully comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wish to know, Mr. Ross, whether she still remains with you?"

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?" "I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and dainty, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop as white is to black. She just sat took no part in the gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different. She made herself neat as a trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twatching out curl papers and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman with her needle. I never had a match for her since I first began business; but, (you know ma'am there's always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least hear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh looking, good natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind nor spur to hit."

I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the work-shop in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care for the most part that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicious about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to, what I had long fixed my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he did not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Her, poor thing, seemed to tremble. "The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing wrong would be to the poor orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this but you know that anger is said to be short madness, and so it is; and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the stinging sense we are wilful doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him."

The next morning they had both cleared out, and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and an I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered, "so much the better," he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but here he out. Saturday night, three days after,

John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong; he begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things; but marrying Amy Bruce. "I give up Lucy," father, he said, "but I cannot marry any body else." I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to ask him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, they would be used to suffer for carrying matters so far without any knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek for her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

I could not stand it. My heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house; and then, he added, walking hastily to the further extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there ma'am, is the long and short of it."

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in his bright little face. Such would be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

The Deserted.

A TALE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

The sun rose with golden splendor over the hills of Wahoo, one of the islands of the Sandwich group in the Pacific, and his rays fell upon the spars of several vessels in the harbor, some of whom took advantage of the weather to loosen their sails, while all prepared with alacrity for the labors of the day. The harbor was swarmed with canoes bearing off to the vessels cocoa nuts, bananas, sugar cane and other tropical productions, while here and there could be seen native youths, of both sexes, sporting on the surface of the waters.

It soon became evident, by the stir among the shipping, that some event of importance was about to take place. Boat after boat was dropped into the water, and the several crews could be seen pulling off toward a large ship. Several of the men leaped on board, and they appeared to be well pleased with their reception; and that might be accounted for by a bucket which stood upon the capstan, and a tin pot which ever and anon was dipped into the bucket and applied to the thirsty mariners. Soon the cry of *yo heeze O!* was heard on board the gullant vessel, and all the boats, forming a line in front of her, prepared to tow her huge bulk out of the harbor.

A stout figure, who had obtained the cognomen of Jack O'clubs, on account of his personal resemblance to that worthy, stood between the mighthead of the vessel and gave directions to the men in the boats, occasionally increasing their exertions by the inspiring cry of "show a leg!" The ship gradually wound her way out of the harbor—the boats cast off to return to their several vessels—then fell the mighty canvass which gradually crawled into its proper position; the creaking topsail yards ascended the mast, and ready hands above let fall the light top-gallants which were at once sheeted home, and stretched to their utmost dimensions to receive the fanning breeze. She moved over the waters rapidly, and was soon reduced to a mere speck in the distant horizon, fairly embarked for another part.

It was then there came down from the mountains several most wan and melancholy objects. They came down to the beach and clapped their spectre-like hands with joy at the ship which, every moment, became farther and farther separated from themselves. The smile upon their white and shadow like countenances was the smile of joy though ghastly and terrible to the beholder. These were men who had deserted the ship of which we have spoken, and now their danger was over they could mingle with the inhabitants and satisfy the terrible cravings of hunger which they had endured among the mountains. It was a difficult achievement to desert a ship at the Sandwich Islands. Native runners who knew every spot, every hole and cranny on the island, were employed to fish out and hunt up the runaways. They were almost invariably successful, as the fierce calls of hunger would draw the deserter from his hiding-place occasionally, unless he possessed the resolution of a martyr.

Those who persisted in keeping concealed, fed on roots, the bark of trees, and were even fain to know their shoes. The joy of these spectre-like men may then be imagined, as they saw their ship grow dim in the distance and felt that they could now roam the island with out fear of capture, and partake of the fat of the land without danger of hundreds and eat o' nine tails. Not long had these sons of famine stood upon the beach, before another individual approached, whose ruddy cheeks and well turned limbs contrasted widely with the haggard lineaments of the other wanderers. Yet he seemed to be one of the same class of beings, for on beholding him, the rest ran to him, and greeted him with that

peculiar kind of cordiality which exists only among shipmates. A person acquainted with the state of things at the Sandwich Isles might have discerned a clue to the mystery in the smiling and well-dressed native girl who lingered near the side of the last comer. It was evident that in his exile he had fallen into good hands, and the Indian girl had been his purveyor during his solitary sojourn among the mountains. She had been attracted by the handsome features and good form of the youth, and the consequence was that while his shipmates had been starving, he had feasted upon the offerings of affection which the Indian girl had laid at his feet. On the next coming day, she had sought his wild retreat, laden with the best which the island afforded, and although a heavy price had been offered for his capture, yet she had kept his secret faithfully locked in her breast. He now stood conversing with his half-starved shipmates who had purchased liberty at a much higher price than himself; and the girl lingered near as if fearful that they would steal her youth away from her. In a moment a tall and rather ungainly female, richly dressed and attended by several persons of both sexes, passed along the beach until she had nearly arrived at the spot where the seamen stood; and one of her servants having planted on the sand she took a seat. Our Indian girl immediately ran to her and began talking in familiar strains which showed that the two females had frequently met before. In a moment a male servant of the great lady came to our youth, and touching him on the shoulder directed his attention to the spot where the lady sat.

"Queen—queen want you," was his broken exclamation. The youth looked a little surprised at seeing his Indian girl on such familiar terms with the queen, and lost no time in obeying the summons. As soon as the youth came in the presence of the queen, she appointed him a seat at her feet, and then the girl who had been his protectress seemed to be earnestly engaged in telling the story of her portage. In a moment the girl was seen pointing toward the hungry shipmates of the youth, and they were summoned to the presence of the queen, who gave them all seats and then examined their condition, with pity plainly depicted on her countenance. Considerable conversation passed between the queen and her attendants, when the seamen were all led to a large building and requested to enter. Here a table was spread with every luxury which the island afforded, and the service was of the most gay and costly description. An immense quantity of rich furniture was contained in this room. They ate heartily and departed.

Our youth, whose name was Cook, must not be forgotten. For some weeks he was seen wandering about town, accompanied by his Indian maid. She doubtless believed that as he was all the world to her, she was all the world to him, and that he would continue an exile at the Sandwich islands for her sake. That dream was destined to be broken: for one afternoon a brig bound to the United States was observed getting under way, and the devoted girl saw her lover going on board for the purpose of returning to the land of his fathers. Half frantic, she threw herself into the water and swam to the vessel just as she had gained the outer harbor. She held up her hands as a signal to come on board. But her lover was employed in some part of the vessel where he could not see her. The winds filled the sails and the brig slowly glided out to sea, but the Indian maid continued to follow the vessel, and when the wind lulled she came near enough to hail those who were on board. Cook heard her voice and his heart bled, but he was ashamed to make known to the captain or any of the crew the fact that she was in pursuit of him. He hoped, every moment, that she would return to the shore, for her situation was becoming every moment more precarious. At length the shadows of evening began to fall, and the poor girl wearied and disheartened began to call upon her lover by name, and endearing epithet to awaken in his bosom some of those feelings that he had once professed for her. No longer able to conceal his agony, Cook flew to the side of the ship with the intention of addressing the devoted creature; but no sooner had his eye sought out the spot where she was, than he observed a dark crimson fluid gradually spreading over the surface of the waters, and the sharp fins and tail of a large shark occupied the place where a moment before beat the warm heart of his Indian girl!

Cook returned to the land of his fathers. He married a young woman calculated to render him happy, and his home was all that a domestic man could desire; but the barb in his heart remained. Every blandishment, every kind word uttered by the chosen of his heart, but served to remind him of one who had been more to him than any other woman could be—who had protected him in adversity, and who had offered up her life in a fruitless attempt to unite her destiny with his. Whole days of melancholy were the tribute which his heart paid to the memory of the forsaken one, and her blood "sat heavy on his soul."

SLANDER—AN EXTRACT.—"Of all the slanders, that which is aimed at the destruction of the spotless reputation of a defenceless female is unmanly, unmanly. He who would wilfully attack the pure vestal with the foul contaminating breath of scandal can be animated with nothing less than the spirit of a demon of the darkest cast. They are the silken cords which attach us to life: their society renders life tolerable. Deprived of that, and life becomes a barren, dreary waste, and every excitement to deeds of valor, of honor, and of chivalry, become extinguished at once; and we wander about in the

dark, without any guide or leading principles. Where then, would be our statement, our warriors, and indeed, our society? Sunk—sunk, sunk into a state of inaction and primal chaos! The fair have a natural claim upon us for protection; they confidently expect it from us; they should not be disappointed! Go with the slandered female to her closet, defaming vipers! view her agony in secret! see her wring her hands and tear her locks with the frenzy of a despairing victim; observe the large tears of anguish quickly coursing each other down her emaciated cheeks, while her eyes are cast up in agony inexpressible, calling upon God for that protection which she vainly expected to receive from her fellow beings. Pale as monumental marble, frantic and almost breathless, she utters her complaints with the convulsive shudder of a broken heart; she wastes away amid the dark horrors of despair. I say, view these things, and if you have the least particle of humanity in your disposition, I would emphatically say to you in the words of a celebrated author, "Go mend!"

Watching for a Tiger.

The spot I selected was the edge of a tank where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me; and, soon after sunset, we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours, without any stirring. It might be eight o'clock, the moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that we could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brinparries, passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time; and, becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his, (the shikaree's,) black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident, that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty yards of it. There was nothing for it but to drop behind a bush and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper. It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making desperate effort to break it, and then lie down shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough; but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made a fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He stared with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my moon about all this time? he had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, he, poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance; so when he could do no good he done nothing. If Mohadeen had been there he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be a dying, I peeped through the branches, but my heart sunk within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me, that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a harsh growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years, rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliah had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead. [Foreign Sporting in the New Monthly.

A friend is never known till needed

POLITICAL

From the Washington Globe.

Review of the Late Extra Session.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, ESQ., SECRETARY OF STATE.

You, sir, attested the Proclamation to convene the late extraordinary session of Congress. The title name affixed to it is the shadow of one who is now in the land of shadows; while you, sir, are behind, responsible to the people for the consequences of a measure which had both your approval and co-operation. There is an end of the session, but we are far from the end of its influences. We are now able to judge with some correctness what will be its character and fruits. Attend, then. Let you and your party listen to the rebuke of an indignant public. The session was avowedly convened on account of "sundry important and weighty matters, principally growing out of the condition of the revenue and finances." But how hollow was most of this pretence! Near half the time has been devoted to the waste rather than supply of revenue, and much of the other half to the creation of a gigantic, privileged Bank monopoly, few of whose powers—none of whose capital—and scarcely any of whose operations would have the slightest reference whatever to our finances, except to pervert them to usury.

Besides this, it was believed by many, and among them your own Chief Magistrate, to be unwarranted by the Constitution, and eminently dangerous as well to public liberty as to public virtue. Indeed, sir, the details of the whole session will be found full of either wrongs, follies, or abortions.

Called here at a season of the year unusual and hazardous, the first business should have been the general relief, (professedly to the finances,) and that in the promptest manner consistent with due deliberations. Yet in truth, the first measure of your party was to burden the finances, by a large civil pension or gift on account of political party services. The donation to Mrs. Harrison was, also, to a person in affluence rather than indigence; and instead of being moderate in amount, equalled twenty-five thousand dollars, or, from half to the whole amount of some of the yearly State taxes.

What was the next "important and weighty matter" proposed by you and your friends in view of the pretended dilapidation of the public resources, at a period represented as dark with the prospect of speedy war? When the embarrassments of the public Treasury were ridiculously exaggerated by your friend at the head of that Department, and stated to require the utmost vigilance to avert national bankruptcy, you proceeded to give away, chiefly for the benefit of British fundholders, millions upon millions of the richest domain which has ever, in the long tide of time, blessed the people of any country on the face of the globe. At the same moment you ordered the borrowing of twelve millions of dollars to meet the current expenses of the Government! Was this the course of a statesman desirous to preserve public credit, or the profligacy of a spendthrift who had squandered his own earnings, and could only hope to support his dissolute career by appropriating those of more prudent and industrious men? This was done in the face of the experience of other Governments and the previous practice of our own, never to borrow money without fixing or pledging definite funds for its payment. In no other mode can the finances of any people be persevered upon a secure foundation. During the last war the public lands were expressly pledged for the redemption of the loans which you vituperated with so much zeal, because they were to be expended in the defence of the common enemy. But your administration, which was to create confidence, began his boasted reform of the finances by lavishing the best security which could be tendered to the prudent capitalists, upon speculators, who had seduced individual States into the gulf of debt, without regard to the means of payment. Determined that the Treasury of the Union should become involved by the same improvident course, and the public credit reduced to the same level, you wantonly impaired the means of raising the money which your projected measures required to be borrowed. The rashness and profligacy have already weakened the confidence of the real capitalists at a most important crisis. You have since increased the burdens of taxation on the community at large, and especially the poorer classes, to supply in some degree your waste. You have made both the distribution and the burdens unequal; and by such rank injustices, as well as by the new corrupting and disturbing forces you have brought to bear on our political system, you have sown deep and wide the seeds of alienation between the States, and endangered, it is feared, fatally, the holy bond of their Union.

After all this, sir, you and your adherents then proceeded to seize on the general revenue, and instead of relieving the treasury, requested from it, for the first time in our history, nearly half a million of dollars to aid the operations of the Post Office Department. So far from requiring—as all precedent and sound principle demanded—that those who are benefitted by the mails should defray the expense of them, you compelled the people at large to pay, by a tax on the necessities of life, not merely for the transportation of their own letters, like angels' visits, *few and far between*, but for the daily and voluminous correspondence of the wealthy.

Not content with all these innovations, so wasteful and appalling, your next aid to the finances was, for the first and only time in the half-century since our Government began, to impose as a charge on the General Treasury, the payment of the whole Navy pensions of the country.

They had always before been charged upon trust funds, and had no right to any other.

Other and different modes of *Whig* relief to the Treasury in this emergency are calculated to excite equal astonishment for their want of wisdom, as well as economy and judgment. If they do not all look like the deeds of bold, bad men, *feeling power and forgetting right*, they at least exhibit a total want of that tact, skill, and ordinary prudence, which are indispensable to the good government of a great country. Besides the absence of these, we search in vain, also, for

that far-reaching sagacity in measures—that sensitiveness to national honor—that statesmanlike honesty of purpose in small, as well as large concerns, which can alone command confidence or insure permanent success.

Thus, in a period of fiscal embarrassment, your party has been busy in voting additional charges for new outfits and higher salaries to foreign ministers. In several of these cases, no excuse can be pretended, except personal favoritism or to fill removals, made solely for differences in political opinion, under a system of relentless proscription by those elevated to power in March last. Yes, sir, by those, among whom you, conspicuously as the rest, were solemnly pledged to proscribe proscription; you who were the first to falsify every profession, and, before even you were sworn into office, made a removal of a most intelligent and talented clerk, merely for the shameful purpose of filling the vacancy with your own son; you, who have followed up this system of foreign and monarchical despotism so far as to possess scarcely a relative within any of the Levitical degrees of consanguinity, who has not been provided for in six brief months, by first cutting off the heads of worthy incumbents, who happened to possess a little less faith than yourself in the atrocious principles of the Hartford Convention. The proscription immediately adopted under your auspices, and pushed farthest in some classes of officers under your immediate supervision, has been so insatiate, as to have spared neither age, want, nor worth; and not finding victims enough at home, crossed the Atlantic to glut its voracity on our diplomatic and consular agents abroad.

Passing by more on this topic for the present, allow me to say that you and your friends, instead of seeking relief at once to the finances, and then stopping the expense of the session by an early adjournment, have spent weeks in the most local and trifling legislation on the other matters. You have made it a prominent measure, by renewing suspended bank charters here, to legalize the use of depreciated paper in the capital of the whole Union. You have wasted important time and money in making large donations here to rebuild bridges, and maintain paupers; and whether measures like these are right or wrong in themselves, how shameful is it, in a public view, for the promotion of such narrow objects, to detain members unnecessarily and expensively, so many thousand miles from the rocky East—the far West—and the distant valleys of the South? But turn a moment to matters of a more general character. Rather than effecting retrenchment and relief to the Treasury in these, you have helped in several such instances, to impose new burdens, neither necessary nor judicious.

Your adherents, or rather you, through them, have voted new millions, to fortifications, while much of the old appropriations remained unexpended. You proceed to finish some works that have evidently become worthless, in a national view, and refuse money for others at points most important and exposed. You vote many thousands for home squadrons, when, for ten years past, we have seldom been without vessels afloat at home, either on our coast, or returning or departing, and when the most common complaint has been that naval officers are kept too much at home. You appropriate for ordnance and ordnance stores for the navy, what will, in the end, reach nearly two millions of dollars, though it is admitted that none of them are needed for the current service, or that war is not expected to be so near as to require the proceeds of the public lands to be expended in preparation for defence.

You have increased largely all, and nearly doubled some of the higher ranks of officers in the naval service. This has been done, neither under any express law, nor any exigency, which exists, demanding so large an addition. And it must be obvious that, in a period of profound peace, these are but entering wedges to swell our naval expenses, and multiply idlers and drones, so as to render an important arm of the national defence unpopular, if not odious. It will, if not speedily checked, double the annual cost of the navy from what it was ten years ago; and make it greater than the aggregate of all our other establishments, civil, foreign and military. Do not evade these conclusions under any pretences that such additions have been made to our expense in preparation for impending wars. For if that be true, why not then apply at once the income from the lands to that preparation, instead of giving it away lavishly under such a fearful expectation, and burdening the people at large with new and unnecessary taxation with large loans? One of the other horns of the dilemma is inevitable. Either your pretence is false, or your conduct under it contradictory and ridiculous. In short, to give away seems to be the essence of your *Whig* economy.

To enlarge the expenses, is the Alpha and Omega of your retrenchment. To add many millions to what you denounced as Democratic extravagance, is your *Whig* reform. To augment the taxes largely, is all your *Whig* relief. To increase the national debt many millions in profound peace, is your *Whig* improvement of the finances. To leave the Treasury unregulated by law, in an unlimited discretion of the Executive, is your *Whig* abhorrence of patronage and the dangerous union of the purse and sword. To retain all the Sub-Treasury penalties against defalcations, and enforce most of its details, in substance, after a repeal of its forms, and of all regulation over Executive discretion, is your boasted *Whig* reform; it is your judgment, entered upon the *Whig* verdict against that most abominable of all measures, in the view of what were once *Whig* prejudices and *Whig* denunciations. But a truce to more of this on the present occasion.

Where, too, are all the splendid promises held out, of a revival of trade, of higher prices?—Where are all the wonderful discoveries to be made by opening your new books? What have you found of evil, except against your own partisans, in all your inquisitorial searches?

It is true, that among other illustrations of the economy to be practised by the present Administration, you have organized two costly star-chamber Commissions. But it has been in vain, except to excite the false hopes in your adherents, and provide temporarily for a few famished favorites so much time and money have been wan-

tonly spent in trying to detect matters of political accusations against your predecessors. Another illustration has been the appointment of several additional clerks in both the Land Office and Post Office, chiefly in consequence of additional business caused by partisan removals from office.

Again, among your new securities to the revenue have been the appointment of notorious bankrupts over some of the collections, and in some of the most responsible stations of marshals. Proscriptions have been proscribed, and the public interests guarded by removing men of integrity and fortune, to make way in some cases for insolents, pipe-layers, Abolitionists, and defaulters; and the Senate has been employed for weeks in advising and assenting to such a system of butchery carried into every region, however remote, and every station, however humble, for no reason whatever, in most cases, which has yet been made public by our tolerant opponents, except a rightful and independent difference of mere political opinion.

If any one had refused to join in the log cabin and hard cider songs for "Tip and Tyler too!"—it was sufficient to bring his head under the guillotine: though from this time forth, since the second veto, I admit it is probable that "Tyler too" might find his head rolling from the same guillotine, if the mass of our opponents happened to possess the power to bring him to the block.

When calls have been made for certain particulars as to removals, they have in all cases been delayed—in others not erased; and in some not answered at all. In none have our opponents permitted the reasons to be demanded, though for many years they have been clamorous with arguments that reasons should be assigned, and that removals without reasons, other than mere political ones, were both wicked and unconstitutional. You, sir, have been among the loudest, with these clamors, and yet, under your own signature, in a report just made to the House of Representatives, it appears that, in your Department, as many have been removed, with three or four exceptions only, during only six months of your reign, as in the whole twelve years of General Jackson's and Mr. Van Buren's administrations. Blush, then, if any thing can make such callous hypocrisy feel a blush at your injustice to others, and your own want of respect and consistency both to yourself and to the high minded, honest, and honorable of your own party. But no more on this point.

Last, but I suppose not least, our opponents claim some merit for the session in aiding the finances by a Loan bill, a Tax bill, two Fiscal Bank bills, and a Distribution bill.

What a marvellous relief to the Treasury must be the last measure, giving away, as it does yearly, three to four millions of dollars! So of the two fiscal Banks, one of which created a debt of more than sixteen millions, subject to be increased eight or ten more; and the other of nearly thirteen millions, which might be enlarged to eighteen. These are debts, too, enormous as they are, created, not to extinguish any past liabilities, or even meet any future national expenditure, rendered necessary in either peace or war, but to furnish capital for bank speculations and political accommodations, like that of the last Bank of the United States, which has so recently ended its career by utter bankruptcy, and, as Mr. Gallatin says, by becoming a public nuisance.

Yes, sir, those are the two great relief measures so much urged and eulogized—measures which were to burden the people with fifteen to twenty millions of debt, to be thus hazarded, and probably most of it, in the end, squandered and lost irretrievably.

Thanks to a firm and fearless Executive, their dangerous character has been so fully exposed, as to receive his indignant vetoes. All, then, that remains for boast as relief to a suffering Treasury are the Loan and the Tax bills.

Now it has been demonstrated by figures and stubborn facts, that not a dollar of new loan would have been needed, had the extra session never been called. It is the expenses of that session—its five to six millions of new appropriations, and the wasteful course of the Treasury Department since March last, in pushing advances and expenditures as well as neglecting to collect public dues from banks, and to make advertisements and sales of lands—it is these alone which have produced the necessity for the very bill which is boasted of as a relief to the revenue and finances as they existed in March last. The session then was called before any of this necessity was created.

So the Tax bill or increased tariff would have been equally unnecessary till December next, but for the same causes—all produced and operating since the session itself was called.

Boast, then, no more of the relief in either of these measures which have been rendered plausible only by your own impudence, at this time, and since March. Claim no credit for supplying what you yourselves squander by gifts and distribution; nor can there be much wisdom in procuring loans now at the expense of the future, increased debts in peace, and increased taxes in peace, the moths and rust which destroy every Government that tolerates them, are your only laurels.

You have, to be sure, in hot haste repealed the Sub-Treasury. But your only financial merit in this has been rashly to abolish one good system in successful operation, before you obtained or could put into operation another, though bad system regulated by law. Say nothing more of the horrible union of the purse and the sword, which has, notwithstanding, been deliberately consummated by you in that inconsiderate repeal. Be silent on the supposed increase of Executive patronage to the past Administration, when you have armed this one with unlimited power over the public money, and proposed, by two United States Banks, with large capitals to render it still more formidable. What rigid disciples you must be of the school of '03! what close followers of Jefferson! what strict constructionists! Such *Whigs* look to me as much like Democrats in principle, and as much like the *Whigs* of 1776, as you and your party did when voting against the supplies in the last war, and against rebuilding the Capitol, burnt by Vandal Englishmen.

The people, sir, are tired of these delusions. Strip off your mask, then; or let us have less

of pretension and promise, with a little more of performance. Instead of twenty-eight or thirty millions expenditure, when your friends promised but thirteen or fifteen, let us, at all events, have no more than the eighteen or twenty to which the last Administration was rapidly approaching, and which you denounced as extravagant. Suspend the ravages of perfection, at least for a season, for that mere difference of opinion in which you yourselves are, among yourselves, beginning to indulge somewhat freely; otherwise, some of you may have to look carefully to your own heads. Let us have a few good works. As yet we can hardly see grounds even for faith, except in the two vetoes of an intrepid Executive. The whole session has been a unqualified unmasking. Were it not a subject too serious for merriment, no little amusement could be gathered from the contrast between the leading personages before the election, in their domes and cloaks, and counterfeit characters, and their true appearance now, when stripped at this extra session.

Before, they were patriots of the purest water, who scorned the spoils of office, and would proscribe proscription. Now, they appear to have seized on every occasion to plunder power and salary for themselves and families, as well as to have persecuted from the lowest station every political opponent, with a sort of hurricane rush—a wolfish hunger—a death-like struggle, which have driven one President already to an untimely end and must embitter the life of another.

Before, they were to introduce retrenchment and economy. But now, almost every establishment is increased, salaries raised, officers multiplied, and our aggregate expenditures alarmingly augmented.

Before, they were prodigal in professions to exclusive friends of order and decency. They now raise ferocious yells around the dwelling of their own President, and they burn, hang, or shoot him, in ignominious effigy, in almost every village.

Boastful before of their superior courtesy and refinement, their distinguished leader now in the Senate now condescends to disgrace himself in denouncing all his opponents as pirates—and their vagabond Bears are paroled by the whole Departments, and they, and some of the most infamous of their pipe-layers, fed from the public Treasury.

They were to protect liberty of speech. But they began in one House with smothering debate—have cut off years and days on important amendments, and concealed from the people the opinions as well as votes of their Representatives on many of the most essential points they were delegated here to act on.

In five, they were to uphold morals and law. But they violate the public peace in the very halls of Congress—they disturb our villages and cities with riots and mobs—sometimes against their own offending brethren—and they tempt the community in more remote regions, by their bad examples, to rush into various demoralizing outrages, and establish the fierce reign of unbridled Lynch law.

Remember, sir, that these are the fruits of only six months' Administration of your immaculate party. It is but a three months' session of your uncontrolled majority in both Houses, in scarce a hundred days, which have exposed your deceptions, and shaken, if not overturned your power. Let the people take warning.

If your influence is not already paralyzed, or is not soon to be, allow me to caution you, that all your arts, all your duplicity, all your indomitable selfishness and unscrupulous ambition, are beginning to be developed.

If Providence, in his wrath for some national transgression, connected with such an Administration as you have headed during the last six months, should permit your power to be much longer prolonged, we need another national fast, to try to avert the calamities in store for us.

A most devoutly offer our thanksgiving, that the President is relieved from the rest of his bad advisers. But his delinquency will be incomplete, and his future fidelity, as well as success, be in jeopardy, while surrounded by such men as yourself. Retire, then, at once, from a station which you never should have profaned under an administration making any claims to republicanism. Cling not basely to mere power and pelf. Evince some little respect towards the feelings of a virtuous, outraged, and indignant people, and the catastrophe may yet be averted, which seems to menace both public morals and public liberty.

POPULUS.

From the Augusta Age.

NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The New York State Federal Convention called to take into consideration the course pursued by the President in respect to the Bank question, assembled on the 7th inst., at Syracuse, and adopted an Address and series of Resolutions, according very nearly in tone, with the Address of the Federal members of Congress. We submit a brief extract from the Address, as a specimen of its general spirit:—

"In the avowed heretofore strongly made by Mr. Tyler in favor of the One Term principle, we have the assurance that, in his time, the country will not be cursed with the revolting spectacle of an administration conducted through one term chiefly with a view of securing the succession to the incumbent, or to any particular application of Government patronage. The *Whig* party, without the aid of Executive influence, will designate, in proper time, a suitable candidate for the office of President in 1845.

"We offer to Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the tribute of our heartfelt gratitude and thanks for

all his eminent public services, never more conspicuous or valuable than in the Senate during the recent session of Congress; and we devoutly trust that he may long be preserved to his country."

Who are the Guilty?

The Philadelphia Ledger, a neutral paper, makes the following remarks, upon the mobs—the insults offered to the President—the Congressional brawls and other violations of law and good morals, which have become so prevalent in the country. It traces them to their true source, and shows up the "decency party," during the last year, in no enviable light. The following extract is commended to the attention of our readers:—

"We admit that demoralization, debasement of public sentiment, have made rapid strides within a dozen years. But the masses are still sound. They still entertain respect for the constituted authorities, attachment to their institutions, and jealousy of their rights. Who, then, are the authors of these discreditable proceedings? They originate among those who claim all the decency, all the refinement in the country. They originate among the trading classes, the very persons who affect to be superior in intelligence and refinement to those portions of our citizens who do not participate in such indecent outrages. They originate among the bankers, borrowers, and not among the producers. We admit that they have extended to other classes; but the first named are the sources.

"We have not seen a body of farmers insult a President or burn him in effigy. Nor have we seen a body of mechanics meeting to denounce a President as a traitor, a liar, a deceiver. These *decencies* are confined to a decent portion of the community; to the respectable portion of the gentlemen! And why should such men, who, if they assumed superiority be admitted, have greater inducements to conduct with propriety than their neighbors, signalize themselves thus disgracefully? Is the spirit of trade demoralizing? Does it debauch and corrupt till all real decency be eradicated? No. But the spirit of banking is demoralizing, and our trading classes are directly connected with spirit of banking—Banking promotes borrowing, and borrowers, feel the power of the lender, are rarely independent in spirit.

"Though demoralizing causes have been in operation for many years past, we have never known so many of them at work together, as during the last year of the Presidential election. Never were such efforts made, never were such large sums expended, never did the statesmen and orators of the country solicit votes so industriously and recklessly, as during the last year of this memorable campaign. In the midst of this contest, we said what we now repeat, that years must elapse before the public mind could recover from its debauching tendencies.

"The 'log cabins,' the 'hard cider,' and bacchanalian songs, the treasonable threats, the disorganizing doctrines, the 'pipe laying,' the low revelleries, the debaucheries, the profanities, the indecencies which characterized the summer preceding the election, have produced a moral taint, from which the public mind cannot be purified without the lapse of years. And who were the authors of these follies, vices, and crimes, this minstrelsy, drunkenness, bribery and treason? The farmers and mechanics? No. They were the lawyers and statesmen, the bankers and members of Congress, the gentlemen, the respectability, the decency. Men high in offices of honor, men high in what they boast of as social respectability, made the lowest appeals to the lowest passions and most vulgar tastes. Senators in Congress were not ashamed to urge Gen. Harrison's dwelling in a log cabin as a test of his qualifications to the Presidency, when they knew that he occupied no such dwelling, and would evince any thing but refinement of taste and spirit of improvement, by being content with such accommodations when he could obtain better. These very orators would pity an Indian for dwelling in a wigwam, and despise a white man for preferring one to a comfortable house. They were not ashamed of imputing to him a preference for hard cider, when they would not drink it while they could procure champagne, and would be obliged to confess that water was better than either, and that any modification of alcohol did more harm than good. Yes! Senators and Representatives in Congress were not ashamed to affect low habits and vulgar tastes, and of representing their candidates for the Presidency as addicted to the same, of reducing them, and themselves to a level which they internally despised, under the insolent, degrading supposition, that the masses of men whom the addressed, could comprehend nothing higher, were incapable of understanding their rights, or appreciating the dignities of human nature.

"Having done their utmost to debauch the public mind, these mischief-makers, (for we cannot call them any thing else,) should not be surprised at the consequences. Low appeals by men of influence and reputed intelligence and integrity, to low feelings and passions, fortify one and stimulate the other, and lead to corresponding conduct. 'The citizen who drinks hard cider in a log cabin made for the occasion, for the purpose of rendering honor to one President, will not refrain from midnight serenades with tin pans and couch shells, and from calling by opprobrious names and burnings in effigy, for the purpose of insulting another. The members of Congress who will preach treason in a stump speech, counsel a party to try to force it left in a minority at the polls, and drink grog with drunken vagabonds, in a log cabin to show his Democracy, will not hesitate to utter opprobrious epithets in debate, or to stoop to pugilistic combats in a legislative hall. In all these things the relation of cause and effect is manifest. Men of influence cannot degrade themselves without degrading those accustomed to respect them; and therefore our orators and statesmen, our Senators and Representatives in Congress, our aspirants to the Presidency, cannot turn backguards without spreading blackguardism extensively among the people. Applying catchwords to candidates for the Presidency, imitating the privations and vulgarities of

